

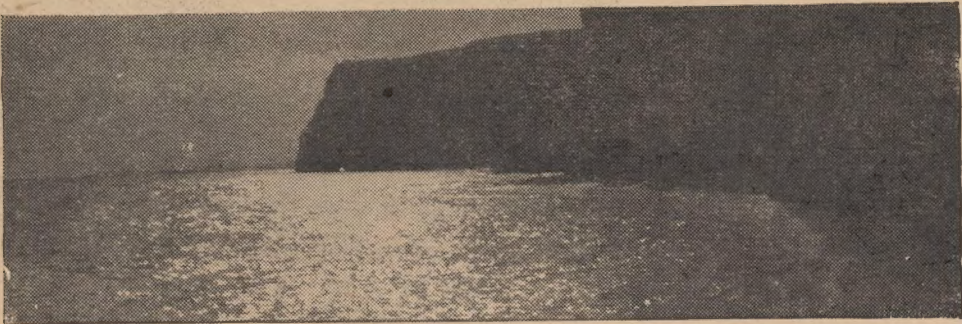
Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

S24

The last of our four German visitors to England 150 years ago tells how he DRANK CHERRY BRANDY ON THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S

Beneath The Surface



He who the gods love dies young.—Menander.
If ever there was a misunderstanding saying, surely this one of the Greek thinker, Menander, is it.

I well remember, when one of my children died at a very early age, some kindly neighbour sent a bunch of flowers, attached to which was a card bearing the words, "Whom the gods love, die young," and I sort of consoled myself, with what I considered a sweet, comforting thought.

"Yes," I said to myself, "maybe that's how it goes."
What Menander meant was that those who are attune with the gods never grow old, and, consequently, die young.

You simply cannot grow old in mind if your whole time is spent with the undying, and if you never grow old in mind, then you die young. So much depends on oneself, and one's outlook on life, based on the knowledge of one's relationship with the Eternal, gives one eternal youth of mind. Just as surely as a hopeless outlook assures continuous misery through the death of Hope and Faith.

Nature offers a message of continual re-birth and full life... Ignore it, and you miss everything worth while. And don't forget that you yourself decide.

Didn't Tagore say that we lighten the burden of self when we laugh? Most of the burdens are of self.

Only ourselves can lighten them... by right thinking, resulting in the right outlook. We die, young in mind, or old.

The choice is ours.
"Happiness belongs to those who are content."—Aristotle.
Seems so obvious that one

With AL MALE

hardly regards it as a wise observation, yet how terribly wise it is.

So much so that one poet, almost two thousand years after Aristotle, calls content the "All in all."

Yet we seldom stop to think of what we would require to make us content... even though our greatest thinkers have decided beyond doubt that it is "All in all."

We have even come to regard contented people as simple-minded... without ambition, or with practically no interest in life.

The truth is that they have such a great interest in life at its fullest and deepest that they find it enthralling... they have time to stop and stare as William Davies had, and they are really seeing Life, and seeing it with eyes held spellbound at its great possibilities and its great offerings.

You know, there are so many "time-savers" nowadays that there must be years of saved time hanging around, waiting to be made good use of.

Trouble is that the pursuit of happiness is much more pursuit than happiness... less chasing around would give us more content. More time to appreciate and be grateful.

Speak well of your friend, and of your enemy nothing.—Ancient proverb.

You've heard that one before, of course. Modernised, we say, "If you can't say anything good about anyone, don't say anything at all," but although we say it, we seldom act up to it.

Continually running people down to condone your own actions is about the most vicious form of sin there is... and a great many of us indulge in it. I have done it myself, and loathed myself for it.

Talking behind people's backs is a pretty mean form of self-approbation, because one invariably runs someone down to show just how saintly one is oneself, and when the someone happens to be a friend, then a "new low" is reached.

Strange thing is that the friend's reputation is not injured half so much as the reputation of the person who does the running-down, because he (or she) illustrates to all and sundry just how rotten he (or she) is, and hearers say, "Well, if that's how he talks about a friend, he himself is some friend—I don't think!"

Pity we don't spend a little more time putting our own house in order. Not only would we realise how untidy it had become, what a shocking state we had allowed it to get into, but we would have little, if any, time to think ill of others.

We might even make the surprising discovery that they were better than us, and though it would be a bitter pill to swallow, the purging would do us a world of good.

We'd probably end up by speaking well of everybody. That would be grand, wouldn't it?

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

IN the year 1770 a limping man left Gottingen University, Germany, and came to England to look at Englishmen.

He was Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, whose name is well known in the history of Physics, the inventor of the "Lichtenberg figures." In his early days he had had a fall which made him a cripple. Hence the limp. Hence also, perhaps, his satire on things in general.

Being known in scientific circles, he made friends with William Herschel here, the famous astronomer who found Uranus, Sir Joseph Banks (who was with Cook on his voyage in the Endeavour) and others. And during that visit, and a subsequent one in 1774, Lichtenberg kept writing letters to his publisher in Gottingen, telling what he had seen in England, and how he reacted. He was the fourth German to "investigate" England.

A Week's Sight-Seeing

"I have seen the sea," he wrote. "I have seen some men-of-war of 74 guns, the King of England in all his splendour, with the crown on his head in Parliament, Westminster Abbey with its famous monuments, Paul's church, the Lord Mayor in a great procession, with many thousands round him all crying, 'Huzza, God bless him, Wilkes and liberty!' and all in a week!"

He climbed to the top of St. Paul's and drank the health of his friends in cherry brandy there.

He had a hustling time under the guidance of Lord Boston, and the pace was fast for him. "I have to dress twice a day in different ways," he mentions, "and always live and dine in large companies. I learn a new way of life."

One of his greatest impressions was the beauty of all classes of English women, and the multitude of shops in London.

He went to Kew on his second visit, and there was presented to the King and

Queen. He spent two hours with the King on the roof of the Observatory, and when Lichtenberg was looking through the telescope the King, for a joke, held his own hat in front of the object-glass, and laughed at Lichtenberg's confusion.

But living in Society didn't meet all this German's instinct for discovery. He dressed himself up as a journeyman weaver, took a couple of clean shirts and two collars wrapped in a handkerchief, and started off for Oxford, Birmingham and Bath.

He wrote that Bath was the finest town he had ever seen. In Birmingham, he poked his head into the famous printing house of Baskerville's, and saw for the first time the division of labour in the workshops.

Looking at the Stars

At Oxford he spent most of his time with Thomas Hornsby, Savilian Professor of Astronomy, and expressed his astonishment that it was possible to see stars of the fifth, and even the sixth, magnitude in daylight.

Back in London, he visited Yorick's grave in the churchyard of St. George, Westminster; and as another kind of pleasure, he went often to Drury Lane theatre, and thought Garrick a wonderful actor, and Tom Weston, the clown, was "destined to make others laugh without laughing himself."

He also visited the House of Lords on March 6th, 1775, and heard a great debate in which the Duke of Richmond, Lord Camden and Lord Mansfield took part. He records this scene as "very dignified and very moving."

And yet, even while he praised the English for some of their characteristics, he

was the most cynical of the Germans to come to this country in those days.

He criticised Hogarth's work. He attacked the sentimental school of poets. He ridiculed much that he saw and more than he heard. He thought the learned Royal Society was "trivial."

He wrote to Herschel that "as soon as your 40-foot telescope is ready, I shall gird up my loins and come." But he never saw the famous 40-foot telescope.

He was so violent in some of his criticisms that he made enemies. His only interest in England seems to have been what he could get out of it to add to his own knowledge.

He praised Mrs. Barry for using her arms on the stage in London, and commended the actresses of Germany to do the same. He liked the clock devices of John Harrison. But he never was in touch with the real England. It was science, science all the time.

But when he returned to Gottingen, he made his house a sort of clearing house between Englishmen in Germany, and Germans who wanted to meet Englishmen. He provided lodgings for two young men from London who wanted to learn German, and sent Germans here for the same purpose. With the "common people" here he had little contact—and seemed to want little.

Having made his round of scientific acquaintances, and been introduced to our famous men, he limped back home—and stayed there.

Send your
Stories, Jokes
and Ideas
to the Editor

How to stop careless talk



Cinda Glenn, U.S.A. contortionist, seems to have settled things all right.

Engine-driver Geoffrey wants a word with you



"SOMETHING told me I was going to have a surprise," said Mrs. Wheeler, wife of Stoker P.O. Wheeler, as she arrived at her home at 32 Richard Street, Manselton, Swansea.

She had returned from shopping with her son, Geoffrey.

"I am sure my husband will be delighted to have news of us."

"Please tell him that Geoffrey kisses his picture every night and is still saving up for a torpedo for daddy to sink a German. And, of course, give him my love," she added.

On the left you see Mrs. Wheeler and Geoffrey playing in their back garden.

ANOTHER
BETTER FROM
HOME—
1000 YEARS
GO!

BETTER FROM CICERO TO
HIS FRIEND ATTICUS,
60 B.C.

Rome, January 20th.
BELIEVE me, there is
nothing at this moment
which I stand so much in
need as a man with whom to
share all that causes me
anxiety; a man to love me;
a man of sense to whom I
can speak without affection,
praise, or concealment. . . .
My brother is away—
at my most open-hearted and
actionate of men. Metellus
not a human being, but
mere sound and air, a
howling wilderness."
I, who have so often
attended my anxiety and my
guilt of soul by your con-
solation and advice, who
ever my ally in public
affairs, my confidant in all
private business, the sharer
of all my conversations and
thoughts—where are you?

I am entirely abandoned
by all, that the only
moments of repose left me
those which are spent
with my wife, pet daughter,
sweet little Cicero. For as
those friendships with the
past, and their artificial
relations, they have indeed
certainly glitter in the out-
side world, but they bring no
private satisfaction. And so,
on a crowded morning
evening, as I go down to the
arm surrounded by troops
of friends, I can find no one
of all that crowd with
me to jest freely, or into
whose ear I can breathe a
silly sigh.

Therefore I wait for you,
even urge on you to come;
I have many anxieties,
my pressing cares, of
which I think, if I once had
your ears to listen to me, I
could unburden myself in
conversation of a single
hour. And of my private
anxieties, indeed, I shall
deal all the stings and
relations, and not trust
them to this letter and an
unknown letter carrier. . . .

Or should I put briefly
what has occurred since you
left, you would certainly
claim that the Roman Em-
pire cannot be maintained
much longer. . . . You now
understand in what stormy
waters we are; and as from
that I have written you in
strong terms you have
view also of what I have
written. Come back to
me for it is time you did.

And though the state of
affairs to which I invite you
one to be avoided, yet let
your value for me so far pre-
vail as to induce you to come
even in these vexatious
circumstances. For the rest
will take care that due
provision is given, and a
vice put up in all places,
prevent you being entered
the census as absent; and
get put on the census
before the lustration is
made of your true man of
business. So let me see you
the earliest possible
moment. Farewell.

Send your—
Stories, Jokes
and ideas
to the Editor

D. N. K. Bagnall brings you from real history the amazing case of THE MAN WHO WAS A WOMAN

MAN or Woman? The
learned judge had to de-
cide. Bets and insurance poli-
cies totalling £70,000 depended
upon his verdict.

Before him, in the court, were
a broker named Jacques and a
surgeon named Hayes. Hayes
had wagered that the well-
known Chevalier D'Eon was a
woman, and claimed to have
won his bet. Jacques refused
to pay up. Thus the case came
to law.

Was the Chevalier D'Eon a
man or a woman? Half the
courts of Europe and the
greater part of the English
aristocracy wanted to know
in that year 1777.

Dressed as a man, the Cheva-
lier acted as French Ambassa-
dor to the English Court.

Clothed as a woman, he at-
tended the French Court. Both
as a man and a woman he had
gone on missions to Russia.

The judge had heard the
editor of a French newspaper
and a French surgeon swear
that of their knowledge the
Chevalier was a woman. Jacques
brought no evidence to the con-
trary. He merely pleaded that
the case was gambling, indecent
and unnecessary.

HE WAS A WOMAN.

In view of the evidence, the
judge decided that D'Eon was a
woman, and ordered Jacques to
pay up the £700. (Incidentally,
Hayes never got his money, for
the case was taken to a higher
court, where Jacques' plea
under an Act against gambling,
then just passed, was success-
ful.)

So D'Eon was a woman. The
world was satisfied, and more
than convinced, when, shortly
afterwards, the Chevalier took
to wearing female dress perma-
nently.

This remarkable person, who
was born in the Province of
Burgundy in 1727 and baptised
Charles Genevieve Louis
Auguste Andre Timothe D'Eon
de Beaumont, was brought up
as a boy—according to gossip,
because his parents had just
lost their only son and D'Eon's
sex was not definite.

He went to school in Paris,
and had hardly completed his
school days when his father
died. This misfortune was,
in fact, the starting of the
young man's career, for a
great family friend, the Prince
de Conti, took him to Court
and there brought him to the
notice of the French King.
The royal favour got him a
commission in the Dragoons.

But D'Eon soon found that
diplomacy was more in his line
than soldiering. In 1757 he was
sent to Russia to negotiate a
reconciliation between the Czar
and the French King, who had
been at loggerheads for years.

He made himself so agreeable

at the Court of St. Petersburg
(afterwards Petrograd, and now
Leningrad), and played his part
with such skill, that his mission
was successful.

Both the parties were grate-
ful to him. D'Eon stayed for
some years in Russia, and then
returned to France to join his
regiment, then engaged in a
campaign on the Rhine.

Later, he returned to Russia
on another mission, in woman's
dress, and it is said that no
one recognised him as the same
person who had attended the
court on the previous occasion.

When, in 1763, a French Am-
bassador was sent to England
to arrange peace terms, the
Chevalier went as his secretary.

SO SHE TOLD SECRETS.

A few months later another
Ambassador was sent to Eng-
land, and this did not please
D'Eon a bit. It meant that he
had to take second place, again.

In revenge, he published an
account of all his negotiations,
and revealed secrets of the
French Court, exposing some of
the French leaders.

Naturally, he drew down
upon his head the anger of the
French Court and the wrath of
high personages. He went in
danger of his life, and was in
constant fear that he would be
abducted and carried back to
France to answer for his of-
fences.

Indeed, he gave it out that
men had been sent to England
with the express purpose of
shanghaiing him. He even
went so far as to charge the
Ambassador with conspiracy
against his life.

About the year 1771, the ques-
tion of his sex, which had pre-
viously been raised when it was
known that he had gone to
Russia in woman's clothes, be-
came the chief topic of conver-
sation among the English nobil-
ity, and very heavy bets were
made about it. In 1775 there
was another spate of gambling
as to whether he was man or
woman.

In 1777 the law suit was
heard, the judge's decision
made, and interest died down.
Adjudicated to be a woman,
D'Eon left England for France,
where she was ordered by the
King to wear woman's clothing
henceforth.

PANTS OR PRISON.

Having so long enjoyed the
freedom of trousers, the Cheva-
lier was disinclined to ex-
change them for the captivity
of a skirt and petticoats. She
continued to wear her army
uniform.

When the King saw that she
was refusing to obey his in-
structions he had D'Eon ar-
rested and thrown into the
famous Castle of Dijon. She
was given the choice—trousers

and imprisonment, or skirt and
the freedom of the French
Court.

It is remarkable that D'Eon
took some weeks to decide.
The choice was, of course, for
freedom and womanhood. For
the last time she changed her
attire. The King was as good
as his word. D'Eon was given
a pension and a position in
the household of the Queen of
France.

The Chevalier seems to have
accepted her fate with resigna-
tion—even enjoyment, and be-
came quite a favourite with the
ladies of the Court.

Once, one of them, in the
presence of some foreign visi-
tors, said to her: "Chevalier,
when you were dressed as a
man, you had, to the best of my
remembrance, a very handsome
leg!"

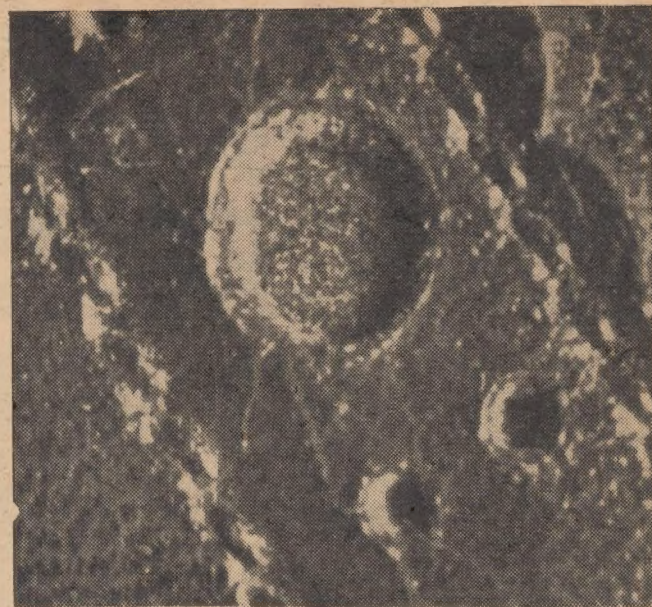
SHE SHOWED HER LEG.

"Parbleu!" replied D'Eon,
"if you are anxious to see it,
here it is!" And without hesi-
tation pulled up her skirt and
petticoats to show it to the
company.

"If I were to tell you that
I had slept with one hundred
thousand men it wouldn't be a
lie," she added, "for I have
slept with the French Army,
with the Austrian Army, and
even with the Cossacks!"

D'Eon returned to England in
1785 and lived comfortably on
her pension, till the French
Revolution swept it away with
the French King and his Court.
From then onwards she had a
miserable time trying to make
ends meet by teaching fencing

SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was a
close-up of human fingers.

and taking part in exhibitions
of fencing.

An advertisement appeared
in a London newspaper in 1795
stating: "At the age of 65 she
embraces the resource of her
skill and long experience in the
science of arms, to cut her
bread with her sword, and . . .
she relies on the liberality of
Britons at large to protect an
unfortunate woman of quality
from the stings and arrows of
outrageous fortune in a foreign
land, and in the vale of years."

In other words, the Cheva-
lier was on her uppers, hav-
ing been turned down by her
friends, and hoped for sup-
port for her fencing matches
so that she could keep the
wolf from the door.
This she found increasingly

difficult. She was forced to sell
off her valuable library of
books.

SHE WAS A MAN.

For some years, no doubt, she
was able to live the life of a
woman of leisure, but towards
the end of her days she must
have fallen into low water
again, for she died in 1810 at
the Foundling Hospital in Lon-
don.

In order to set all doubts at
rest as to D'Eon's sex, and, once
and for all, to kill all sugges-
tions that she was a man, the
body was examined by a promi-
nent surgeon before burial at
St. Pancras Church, in Lon-
don.

He found that D'Eon was a
perfect male.

BREAKFAST IS LAID!



LIFE on the farm is springing
surprises on boys of Stoke
Senior School from Plymouth,
who volunteered to spend their
holidays helping the farmers
gather in the harvest.

This squad of six lads, who
are helping Farmer Albert
Soper on Hill Field Farm, near
Dittisham, Devon, chose to
sleep in the large, dry barn,
where there is plenty of hay
to rest their mattresses on, and
in the morning, to the crowing
of cocks, the clucking of hens,
as the sun comes creeping into
the barn door, the lads wake
up—and find the hens haven't
clucked in vain.

The youngster holding up
the "hen-fruit" laid on his
blanket before he awoke to find
breakfast laid, is 13-year-old
Derek Grinstead, while his com-
rade, 15-year-old John Water-
field, still half asleep, rubs his
eyes, thinking it might be a
dream.

"The goat-milking is easy,"
said 13-year-old Derek Grin-
sted (who'd been on a farm for
the first time), while he pro-
ceeded to pull the nanny-goat's
tail. To end his perplexity, his
friend, 15-year-old John Water-
field, came up and volunteered
the news that you can only get
milk from a cow. It took Far-
mer Albert Soper to put them
wise, and soon the boys were
milking away like old-timers.

Afterwards, sampling the
fruits of their labours, they
unanimously decided that goat's
milk is equally as good as
cow's milk, when it's fresh.
Also—not that it applied to
these schoolboys, each one of
whom could eat a horse per
meal—but goat's milk, the far-
mer told them, is very good for
invalids and stomach sufferers.

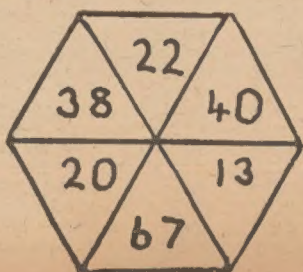
PUZZLE CORNER

CAN you fill in the numbers
from 5 to 20 inclusive on
the square below—you'll see
four of the numbers already in
place—so that the totals of the

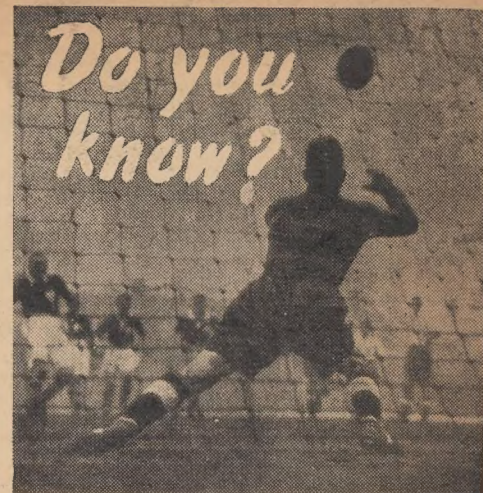
		8	
13			
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	18		

four down columns are each 50,
and the total of the first cross-
row 47, the next 49, the next
51, and the last 53?

Answer in S25. And here
is the solution to last week's
problem.



BUCK RYAN



By W. H. MILLIER

THAT the origin of most sports and games is lost "in the mists of antiquity"?

THAT the greyhound was used for sporting purposes by the ancient Greeks. He is the hound of the Old Testament. His ancestors have been found sculptured on Egyptian tombs that were built five thousand years before Christ?

THAT until comparatively recent times no commoner was permitted to own a greyhound? King Canute passed a law forbidding any person below the rank of nobleman to keep a greyhound.

THAT the whippet used to be known as the working man's racehorse? It is a cross between an Italian greyhound (the fashionable toy dog for society ladies in the fifteenth century) and the greyhound.

THAT whippets were originally bred for rabbit-coursing, but were later used for racing? THAT whippet-racing is still popular in mining districts?

THAT the whippet has an astonishing burst of speed over short distances? The standard distance is 200 yards, which a first-class whippet covers in 12 secs.

THAT football is a much older game than cricket? It is assumed that it was introduced here by the Romans. The connection between the pancake and the football is obscure and no satisfactory explanation of the great football festival held on Shrove Tuesday has been found.

THAT the rules governing football varied in different parts of the country until the Football Association was established in 1863 to frame a universal code of rules.

THAT the game of bowls is thought to be as old as any of our native pastimes? In the Plantagenet period it absorbed so much of the people's time that it threatened to interfere with the practice of archery, and was pronounced illegal.

THAT if the story of Sir Francis Drake at Plymouth Hoe is true, it was all-absorbing in 1588.

THAT golf also caused the rulers of the realm some concern because of its interference with archery in 1457?

THAT it was pronounced Goff, Gouff, or Gowff, and was said to have been introduced into Scotland from Holland?

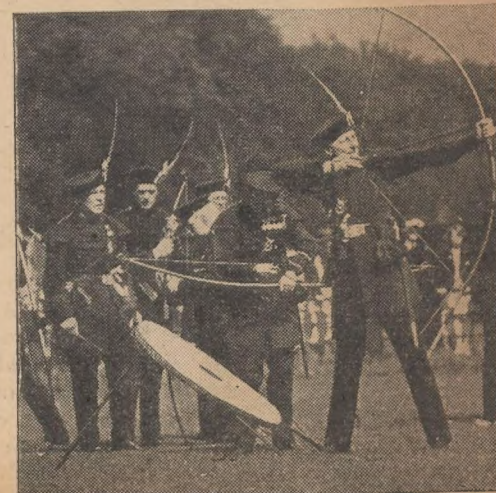
THAT archery may be traced to the remotest antiquity?

THAT despite the fact that English archers were world-famous for their accuracy in the 14th century, the long bow does not appear to have been used by the Ancient Britons?

THAT the first mention of it in English history is at the battle of Hastings (1066 and all that), when it was employed with deadly effect by the Normans?

THAT it was made compulsory for every man under the age of sixty (parsons and lawyers excepted) to practise with the long bow, and butts were provided in all towns and villages? On holidays practice was commanded in lieu of the ordinary pastimes.

THAT present-day Home Guards are not so hard done by after all?



The Royal Company of Archers

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

OUR VILLAGE INVASION COMMITTEE

The Jerries may think they're pretty hot, but if they tried any funny stuff near Our Crazy Village they'd pretty soon regret it. Led by old General Cufushun and young Johnnie Poacher, the squire's keeper, they formed their own Home Guard. They called it the Ruffians, because Hitler called his the Black Guards. Then they sent a challenge over to Little Mumble, and asked them to invade and see what happened.



Came the great night. Jimmy Pinhead, potman of the "Why didn't you Duck," on the market square, blew the alarm and his hat off. Blew out so much spit that he thought it was raining and went indoors, so he missed the rest of it.



Out came the General shouting "Clear the streets!" and waving his grandfather's Elephant Gun—but he needn't have bothered. Everyone got under the horse-trough as soon as they saw him reach it down from the wall. They've never been sure of him ever since the price of chickens was controlled and he shot the church weather-cock off the steeple.



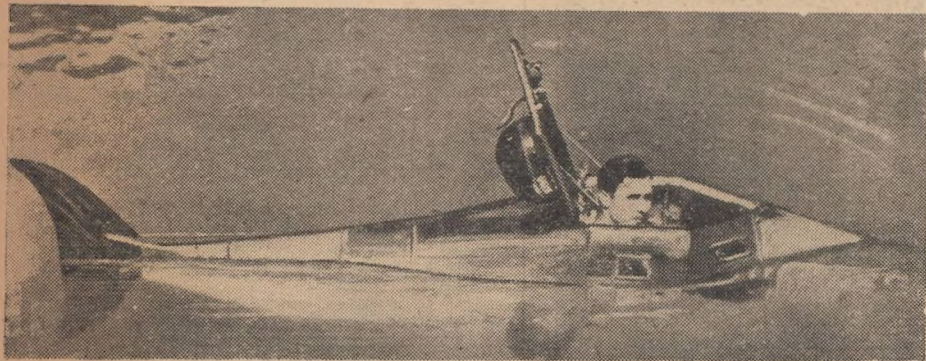
Then little 4-year-old Georgie Cufushun gave a roll on the drum, and everything sprang into action. The Heavy Ruffians stripped down to their Commando Rig, designed by the Vicar's wife after the last Jumble Sale, and Section-Leader Stench, the fishmonger, pointed out the lie of the land to them.



Meanwhile the Light Ruffians, straight from school and dressed as usual (see picture) defied the enemy from the river bank to divert their attention.



What from? Ah, that was the secret that was to lead to the downfall of Little Mumble! Farmer Wurze's bull was lurking beneath the river bank (Johnny Wurze drove it there by blowing pins through a peashooter).



But the bull wasn't the only secret weapon. Far out in midstream Section-Leader Stench was lying in wait in the inside of a hollowed out dogfish filled with stink-bombs. He called it the Woolton Special.



Some of the Ruffians were tropical kit, in case the Little Mumbler retreated towards the Equator and—



—others stood in the fields disguised as simple pastoral objects and—



—as the Little Mumbler advanced the population adopted a defiant attitude to lower their morale.



So it was almost a foregone conclusion that by noon next day Old Jabez should be reassuring the population that it was a peaceful opening-time at the "Why didn't you Duck" once again, and



Outside the Village Church the beauty-choir should be holding a Victory Cantata Service.



To this day Section-Leader Stench wears a smoking-cap, richly ornamented with the back-teeth of Little Mumbler men.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"And a fishy business if you ask me"

